

## HOLED UP THREE DAYS

With this  
dumb-assed  
dumb broad

Bulltoven  
in Gallup  
New Mexico

87301 and  
nothing to  
do but screw

And listen  
to her quips  
about sampling

Her pubic opinion  
with his  
Gallup pole

Sample shit  
having counted  
every kinky hair

## THE SINS

I only hint at  
are more  
conventional

Which is not  
to say  
slicing cheese

I never use  
a meat cleaver  
to pare the mold

## YOUR CUNT

May be  
a sow's ear

Deirdre  
Ludendorff

But for  
my money

It fashions  
quickly

To a silk  
purse

## TO BREATHE

Spell me  
I pant in winter  
too

Its spirals vapouring  
from  
my big mouth

These are seasons  
we reach for  
do not clasp

The bone  
of our knowing  
is austere

Too  
we share it  
grudging

Whet it  
with our  
hunger